Iter Boreale.

Attempting ſomthing upon the Succeſsful and Matchleſs March of the Lord General

George Monck,

FROM

SCOTLAND,

TO

LONDON,

The laſt Winter, &c.

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

By a Rural Pen.

LONDON, [1660]

Printed on St GEORGE'S Day, for *George Thomaſon*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St *Pauls* Church-

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Attempting ſomthing upon the Succeſsful and Matchleſs March of the Lord General

George Monck,

From *Scotland* to *London*, the laſt Winter.

I.

THe day is broke! *Melpomene*, be gone;
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone: (flight
Night-mare my ſoul no more; Go take thy
Where Traytors Ghoſts keep an eternal night;
Flee to Mount *Caucaſus*, and bear thy part
With the black Fowl that tears *Prometheus* heart
For his bold Sacriledge: Go fetch the groans
Of defunct Tyrants, with them croke thy Tones;
Go ſee *Alecto* with her flaming whip,
How ſhe firks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradſhaw* skip:
Go make thy ſelf away.——Thou ſhalt no more
Choak up my Standiſh with the blood and gore

Of Engliſh Tragedies : I now will chuſe
The merrieſt of the Nine to be my Muſe.
And (come what will) I'll ſcribble once again :
The brutiſh Sword hath cut the Nobler Vein
Of racy Poetry. Our ſmall-drink-times
Muſt be contented, and take up with Rhymes
Thy're ſorry toys from a poor Levites pack,
Whoſe Living and Aſſeſsments drink no Sack.
The Subject will excuſe the Verſe (I trow)
The Ven'ſon's fat, although the Cruſt be dow.

II.

I He who whileom ſate and ſung in Cage
My Kings and Countries Ruines, by the rage
Of a rebellious Rout : Who weeping ſaw
Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw
And ſheath their Swords (like three enraged Brothers)
In one anothers ſides, ripping their Mothers
Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart ;
Then jealous that their Father fain would part
Their bloody Fray, and let them fight no more,
Fell foul on him, and ſlew him at his dore.
I that have only dar'd to whiſper Verſes,
And drop a tear (by ſtealth) on loyal Herſes,
I that enraged at the *Times* and *Rump*,
Had gnaw'd my Gooſe-quill to the very ſtump,

And flung that in the fire, no more to write
But to ſit down poor *Britains Heraclyte*;
Now ſing the tryumphs of the Men of War,
The glorious rayes of the bright Northern Star,
Created for the nonce by Heaven, to bring
The Wiſemen of three Nations to their King:
MONCK! the great *Monck*! That ſyllable out-ſhines
Plantagenet's bright name, or *Conſtantine*'s.
'Twas at his Riſing that *Our Day* begun,
Be He the *Morning Star* to *Charles* our *Sun*:
He took Rebellion rampant, by the Throat,
And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;
His Hand it was that wrote (we ſaw no more)
Exit Tyrannus over *Lambert*'s dore:
Like to ſome ſubtile Lightning, ſo his words
Diſſolved in their Scabbards Rebels ſwords:
He with ſucceſs the ſoveraign skill hath found,
To dreſs the Weapon, and ſo heal the Wound.
George, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they ſay)
Only by Walking ſcare our Foes away.

III.

OLd *Holofernes* was no ſooner laid,
Before the Idols Funeral Pomp was paid,
(Nor ſhall a penny ere be paid for mee;
Let fools that truſted, his true Mourners be.)

Richard

Richard the fourth, juſt peeping out of Squire,
No fault ſo much as, Th' old one was his Sire;
For men believ'd,—— though all went in his Name,
He'd be but Tennant, till the Landlord came:
When on a ſudden (all amaz'd) we found
The ſeven Years *Babel* tumbled to the ground;
And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning Kin)
Was ſoon in *Querpo* honeſt *Dick* agen.
Exit Protector. —— What comes next? I trow,
Let the State-Huntſmen beat again, —— So-ho
Cries *Lambert*, Maſter of the Hounds,—— Here ſits
That luſty Puſs, *The Good Old Cauſe*,—— whoſe wits
Shew'd *Oliver* ſuch ſport; That, that (cries *Vane*)
Let's put her up, and run her once again:
She'l lead our Doggs and Followers up and down,
Whilſt we match Families, and take the Crown.
Enter th' old Members; 'Twas the Moneth of *May*
Theſe Maggots in the Rump began to play.
Wallingford Anglers (though they ſtunk) yet thought,
They would make baits, by which Fiſh might be caught;
And ſo it prov'd; They ſoon by Taxes made
More money then the *Holland* Fiſhing Trade.

IIII.

NOw broke in *Ægypts* Plagues (all in a day) (pray
Andone more worſe then theirs;—— We muſt not

To

To be deliver'd :— Their ſcabb'd folks were free
To ſcratch where it did itch ;— So might not we.
That Meteor *Cromwell*, though he ſcar'd, gave light ;
But we were now cover'd with horrid Night :
Our Magiſtracy was (like *Moſes* Rod)
Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.
Poor Citizens, when trading would not do,
Made brick without ſtraw, and were baſted too :
Struck with the botch of Taxes and Exciſe ;
Servants (our very duſt) were turn'd to lice ;
It was but turning Souldiers, and they need
Not work at all, but on their Maſters feed.
Strange Catterpillars ate our pleaſant things ;
And Froggs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings.
Black bloody veins did in the Rump prevail,
Like the Philiſtims Emrods in the Tayle.
Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Ægypt* had,
And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, (that's as bad.)
And that Sea-Monſter *Lawſon* (if withſtood)
Threatned to turn our Rivers into blood.
And (Plague of all theſe Plagues) all theſe Plagues fell
Not on an *Ægypt*, but our *Iſrael*.

V.

SIck (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies,
Filling each corner with her hideous cries ;

Some-

Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,
Anon Diſpair brings cold and clammy Sweats;
She cannot ſleep, or if ſhe doth ſhe dreams
Of Rapes, Thefts, Burnings, Blood, and direful Theams,
Toſſes from ſide to ſide, then by and by
Her feet are laid there where the head did lie:
None can come to her but bold Empiricks,
Who never meant to cure her, but try tricks:
Thoſe very Doctors who ſhould give her eaſe,
(God help the Patient) was her worſt diſeaſe.
Th' Italian Mountebank *Vane* tells her ſure,
Jeſuites powder will effect the cure:
If grief but makes her ſwell, *Martin* and *Nevil*
Conclude it is a ſpice of the Kings Evil.
Bleed her again, another cries; — And *Scot*
Saith he could cure her, if 'twas — you know what:
But giddy *Harrington* a whimſey found,
To make her head (like to his brains) run round.
Her old and wiſe Phiſitians, who before
Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,
But were kept out, — Which made her cry the more,
Help, Help, (*dear Children*) Oh! ſome pity take
On her who bore you! Help for mercy ſake!
Oh heart! Oh head! Oh back! Oh bones! I feel
They've poyſon'd me with giving too much Steel:
Oh give me that for which I long and cry!
Something that's *Soveraign*, or elſe I dye.

VI.

KInd *Cheſhire* heard;--And like ſome ſon that ſtood
Upon the Bank, ſtraight jump'd into the Flood,
Flings out his arms, and ſtrikes ſome ſtrokes to ſwim,
Booth ventur'd firſt, and *Middleton* with him,
Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thouſands more,
Threw themſelves in, and left the ſafer ſhore;
Maſſey (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*
Forſook his Wharfe,—— reſolving all to drown,
Or ſave a ſinking Kingdom:—— But, Oh ſad!
Fearing to loſe her prey, the Sea grew mad,
Rais'd all her billowes, and reſolv'd her waves
Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves.
Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eaſtern wind,
And with him all the mighty Waters joyn'd.
The loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breaſts,
Scorning to think of Life or Intereſts;
They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain;
The furious Main beat them to ſhore again;
At which the floating Iſland (looking back,
Spying her loyal Lovers gone to wrack)
Shriekt lowder then before,— and thus ſhe cries,
" Can you ye angry Heavens, and frowning Skies,
" Thus countenance Rebellious Mutineers,
" Who if they durſt, would be about your ears:

" That I ſhould ſink, with Juſtice may accord,
" Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board;
" Yet 'twas not I (ye righteous heavens do know)
" The Souldiers in me needs would have it ſo:
" And thoſe who conjur'd up theſe Storms themſelves,
" And firſt engag'd me 'mongſt theſe Rocks and Shelves,
" Guilty of all my woes, erect this weather,
" Fearing to come to Land, and chuſing rather
" To ſink me with themſelves. ——O! Ceaſe to frown,
" In tears (juſt Heavens!) behold! my ſelf I drown:
" Let not theſe proud Waves do't: Prevent my fears,
" And let them fall together by the Ears.

VII.

HEaven heard, and ſtruck th' inſulting Army mad,
Drunk with their *Cheſhire* Tryumphs, ſtraight they
New Lights appear'd; And new Reſolves they take, (had
A Single Perſon once again to make.
Who ſhall be he? Oh! *Lambert*, without Rub,
The fitteſt Divel to be *Belzebub*.
He, the fierce Fiend, caſt out o'th' Houſe before,
Return'd, and threw the Houſe now out of dore:
A Legion then he rais'd of Armed Sprights,
Elves, Goblins, Fairies, Quakers, and new Lights,
To be his under-Divels; with this reſt
He Soul and Body (Church and State) poſſeſt:

Who

Who though they fill'd all Countries, Towns, and Rooms,
Yet (like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)
Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted moſt,
No Chappel was at Eaſe from ſome ſuch Ghoſt.
The Prieſts ordain'd to Exorciſe thoſe Elves,
Were Voted Divels, and caſt out themſelves:
Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,
Religion ſerves but for a Stratagem:
The holy Charms theſe Adders did not heed,
Churches themſelves did Sanctuary need.

VIII.

THe Churches Patrimony and rich ſtore,
Alas! was ſwallowed many years before:
Biſhops and *Deans* we fed upon before,
They were the *Ribs* and *Surloyns* of the Whore:
Now let her Legs (the Prieſts) go to the Pot,
(They have the Pope's Eye in them) ſpare them not:
We have fat Benefices yet to eat,
(*Bell*, and our *Dragon*-Army muſt have meat;)
Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and ſmall,
Tythe Calves, Geeſe, Pigs, the Pettitoes and all:
A Vicaridge in Sippets, though it be
But ſmall, will ſerve a ſqueamiſh Sectary.
Though Univerſities we cann't endure,
There's no falſe Latine in their Lands (be ſure.)

Give *Oxford* to our Horſe, and let the Foot
Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall to't.
Chriſt-Church I'll have (cries *Vine*;) *Disbrow* ſwops
At *Trinity*; *King*'s is for *Berry*'s chops;
Kelſey, take *Corpus Chriſti*; *All-Souls*, *Packer*;
Carve *Creed*, St *John*'s; *New Colledge*, leave to *Hacker*;
Fleetwood cries, *Weeping Maudlin* ſhall be mine,
Her tears I'll drink inſteed of Muſcadine:
The ſmaller *Halls* and *Houſes* ſcarce are big
Enough to make one diſh for *Heſilrig*;
We muſt be ſure to ſtop his mouth, though wide,
Elſe all our Fat will be i'th' fire (they cry'd:)
And when we have done theſe, we'll not be quiet,
Lordſhips, and Landlords Rents ſhall be our diet.
Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but ſtill mine Hoſt
Lambert, reſolves that he will rule the Roſt.

IX.

BUt hark! Me-thinks I hear old *Boreas* blow,
What mean the North winds that they bluſter ſo?
More ſtorms from that black nook? Forbear! (bold *Scot*!)
Let not *Dunbar* and *Worceſter* be forgot:
What? Would you chaffer w'us for one *Charls* more?
The price of Kings is fall'n, give the Trade o're.
And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,
Of Laws, Lives, Oaths, Souls, grown ſo low with you?

Perfidious

Perfidious Hypocrites! Monſters of men!
(Cries the good *Monck*) We'll raiſe their price agen.
Heaven ſaid *Amen*; and breath'd upon that ſpark;
That ſpark (preſerv'd alive i'th' cold and dark)
Firſt kindled and enflam'd the Brittiſh Iſle,
And turn'd it all to Bonfires, in a while:
He and his fewel was ſo ſmall, no doubt,
Proud *Lambert* thought to tread, or piſs them out.
But *George* was wary;——His Cauſe did require
A Pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire:
'Twas not his ſafeſt courſe to flame, but ſmoak;
His Enemies he will not burn, but choak:
Small Fires muſt not blaze out, leſt by their light
They ſhew their weakneſs, and their Foes invite:
But Furnaces the ſtouteſt Mettals melt
(And ſo did He) by fire not ſeen, but felt:
Dark-Lanthorn Language, and his peep-boe play,
Will-E-Wiſpt Lambert's New-Lights out o'th' way.
George, and his Boys, thoſe thouſands (O ſtrange thing!)
Of *Snipes* and *Woodcocks*, took by Lowbelling.
His few Scotch-Coal kindled with Engliſh fire,
Made *Lambert*'s great *Newcaſtle* heaps expire.

X.

Scotland, (though poor, and peeviſh) was content
To keep the Peace, and (O rare!) Money lent;

But

But yet the bleſſing of their Kirk was more;
George had that too; and with this ſlender ſtore
He and his Mirmidons advance.——Kind Heaven
Prepar'd a froſt to make their march more even,
Eaſie, and ſafe; it may be ſaid, That year
Of th' High-ways, Heaven it ſelf was Overſeer,
And made *November* ground as hard as *May*;
White as their Innocence, ſo was their way:
The Clouds came down in feather-beds, to greet
Him and his Army, and to kiſs their feet.
The froſt and foes both came and went together,
Both thaw'd away, and vaniſh'd God knows whither.
Whole Countries crowded in to ſee this Friend,
Ready to caſt their bodies down, to mend
His Road to *Weſtminſter*; and ſtill they ſhout,
Lay hold of th' *Rumpe*, and pull the *Monſter* out:
A new one, or a whole one *(Good my Lord)*
And to this cry the Iſland did accord.
The Eccho of the Iriſh hollow ground
Heard *England*, and her language did rebound.

XI.

PReſto—— *Jack Lambert*, and his Sprights are gone
To dance a Jigg with's brother *Oberon*:
George made him, and his cut-throats of our lives,
Swallow their Swords, as Juglers do their Knives.

And

And Carter *Disborough* to wiſh in vain,
He now were Waggoner to *Charles* his Wain.
The Conquerour is now come into th' South,
Whoſe warm Air is made hot by every mouth;
Breathing his wellcome, and in ſpight of *Scot*,
Crying,—*The whole child* (Sir) *divide it not.*
The Rump begins to ſtink; Alas! (cry they)
W' have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay:
I like Him not——His belly is ſo big,
There's a King in't, cryes furious *Heſilrig*,
Let's bribe Him (They cry all) Carve him a ſhare
Of our ſtoln Veniſon.——Varlets, forbear,
In vain you put your Lime twiggs to his Hands
George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands.*
When fair means would not do, next foul they try,
Vote him the City Scavenger (they cry)
Send him to ſcowr their Streets——Well, let it be
Your Rumpſhip wants a ſcowring too (thinks He)
That foul Houſe where your Worſhips many year
Have laid your Tayl, ſure wants a Scavenger:
I ſmell your Fizle, though it make no Crack,
You'ld mount me on the Cities galled back,
In hope ſhee'l caſt her Rider: If I muſt
Upon ſome Office in the Town be thruſt,
I'll be their Sword-bearer—and to their Dagger
I'll joyn my Sword:—Nay (good Rump) do not ſwagger,
The City feaſts me, and (as ſure as Gun)
I'll mend all *Englands* Commons e're I've done.

XII.

AND ſo He did: One Morning next his heart
He goes to *Weſtminſter*, and play'd his part,
He vampt their Boots (which *Hewſon* ne're could do)
With better leather, made them go upright too.
The reſtor'd Members (*Cato*-like no doubt)
Did only Enter that They might goe out,
They did not mean within thoſe Walls to dwell,
Nor did they like their Company ſo well:
Yet Heaven ſo bleſt them, that in three weeks ſpace
They gave both Church and State a better face,
They gave *Booth*, *Maſſey*, *Brown*, ſome kinder lots;
The laſt years Traytors, this years Patriots:
The Churches poor Remainder they made good,
And waſh'd the Nations Hands of Royal Blood,
And that a Parliament (they did deviſe)
From its own aſhes (*Phœnix*-like) might riſe;
This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,
They paſt a Fine, and ſo cut off *th'Entail.*

XIII.

LEt the Bells ring theſe Changes now from *Bow*
Down to the Countrey Candleſticks below,

Ringers,

Ringers, Hands off; The Bells themſelves will dance
In memory of their own deliverance:
Had not *George* ſhew'd his Mettle, and ſaid Nay,
Each Sectary had born the Bell away:
Down with them all, they'r Chriſtned (cry'd that Crew)
Tye up their Clappers, and the Parſons too;
Turn them to Guns, or ſell them to the *Dutch*.
Nay, hold (quoth *George*) my Maſters, that's too much;
You will not leap o're Steeples thus, I hope,
I'll ſave the Bells, but you may take the Rope.
Thus lay Religion panting for her life,
Like *Iſaac*, bound under the bloody knife;
George held the falling Weapon, ſav'd the Lamb:
Let *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram*.
So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)
When brave St *George* redeem'd her life, of old.
Oh that the Knaves that have conſum'd our Land,
Had but permitted Wood enough to ſtand
To be his Bonfires;——We'd burn every ſtem,
And leave no more but Gallow-Trees for them.

XIV.

MArch on, Great Heroe! as thou haſt begun,
And Crown our Happineſs before Th'aſt done:
We have another *Charles* to fetch from *Spain*,
Be thou the *George* to bring him back again:

Then ſhalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight)
Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favourite.
There is no danger of the Winds at all,
Unleſs together by the Ears they fall,
Who ſhall the honour have to waft a King,
And they who gain it, while they work, ſhall ſing:
Me-thinks I ſee how thoſe tryumphant Gales,
Proud of the great Employment, ſwell the Sails;
The joyful ſhip ſhall dance, the Sea ſhall laugh,
And loyal Fiſh their Maſters health ſhall quaff;
See how the *Dolphins* croud and thruſt their large
And ſcaly ſhoulders, to aſſiſt the Barge:
The peaceful Kingfiſhers are met together
About the Decks, and propheſie calm weather,
Poor Crabbs and Lobſters are gone down to creep
And ſearch for Pearls and Jewels in the deep;
And when they have the booty—crawl before
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

XV.

METhinks I ſee how throngs of people ſtand
Scarce patient till the Veſſel come to land,
Ready to leap in, and if need require
With Tears of Joy to make the waters higher:
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*
With bowing to his Soveraign will fall.

The Royal Lyons from the Tower ſhall roar,
And though they ſee him not, yet ſhall adore:
The Conduits will be raviſh'd, and combine
To turn their very water into wine:
And for the Citizens, I only pray
They may not overjoy'd all dye that day.
May we all live more loyal and more true,
To give to *Cæſar* and to God their due.
Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to ſwim,
And for the Son, wee'l ſhed our blood for him:
England her penitential Song ſhall ſing
And take heed how ſhe quarrels with her King.
If for our ſins—Our Prince ſhall be miſled,
Wee'l bite our nails rather than ſcratch our Head.

XVI.

ONe Engliſh *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)
A whole Committee of the Heathens Gods;
Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)
He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.
Monck (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the Man
That with a word ſhackled the Ocean;
He ſhall command *Neptune* himſelf to bring
His Trident, and preſent it to our King.
Oh do it then great Admiral.——Away,
Let him be here againſt St *George*'s day;

That *Charles* may wear His *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,
And Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit.*
And when thy aged Corps ſhall yeild to Fate,
God ſave that ſoul that ſav'd our *Church* and *State*:
There thou ſhalt have a glorious Crown, I know,
Who Crown'd our King and Kingdoms here below.
But who ſhall finde a Pen fit for thy glory?
Or make Poſterity believe thy Story.

Vive St GEORGE.